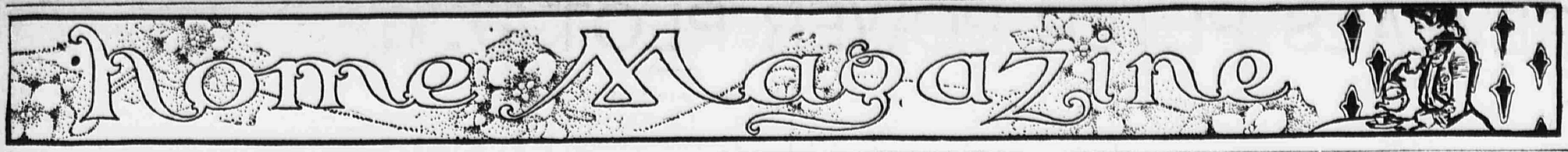

JACK CLIMBS A STONE WALL.

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THEN Pansy leaned forward—her chin in her hands and her elbows on her knees—and looked down through the branches to the little brook that sparkled below.

From the same flat stone Jack also gazed solemnly at the landscape, but being turned in another direction saw only a thicket of autumn color, accented by some very scarlet berries that hung rather high beyond the stone wall which skirted the hilltop. Neither spoke for some minutes—acquiring comfort, perhaps, from their peaceful surroundings. Then Jack said:

"But just see how long we've known each other, Pansy, and how much we've seen of each other. Why, every day we've"——

The little leaning figure straightened and a little classic head turned with decision.

"Now, Jack, don't go all over it again. I've made up my mind and I've told you how I feel. I do care for you—oh, a great deal, of course—or I wouldn't have engaged myself to you. But you know"——

"I know that I'll never change. I know that."

"You think you do, Jack. You're a dear fellow, and you want to love me. But you're a creature of moods, dear, and then, you know you said"——

"Oh, confound what I said! Don't you ever forget anything? Besides, you know very well how I said it, and what I meant. I said people of the art temperament were apt to be impulsive and to do things in a moment of enthusiasm that they repent of for a lifetime."

"And that's just what we don't want to do—to be impulsive and repent."

"But that's silly, Pansy. You talk as if we'd met yesterday. Why, we've known each other for three years and done ever so many books and things together, and if there's anything that will make people fight it's for one of them to be a prig of a writer like me and the other the opinionated little artist who illustrates his stuff. Now, don't go on this way, unless you don't care"——

A little hand dropped almost like a leaf on the man's arm.

"Of course I care, Jack. Only you're such a goose! You don't see and you won't see that our work together isn't any test, because it's the things we both love. It's the hard, unpleasant things that really try people. Illness, misfortune—suppose I were to become paralyzed or blind and couldn't draw"——

"The Times says you can't now."

"There, you see. You are just light and frivolous. If you can't be serious I'll not try to explain."

"And if you look at me like that I shall kiss you!"

"Of course. You couldn't do anything sensible. What's the use to talk?"

"Go on, honey; I'll be good."

"Well, then, if I were to become blind, as I say, or if you were to become imbecile and couldn't write"——

"Um—the Times said something like that, too."

The little figure flung itself away and lapsed into silent resignation and disgust.

"Pansy, I shall certainly kiss you."

"Can't you be serious for just an instant?"

The man's strong hand closed on the little brown fingers beside him.

"It's the most serious thing in the world to me, Pansy,' he said with feeling; "I only laugh to keep up a good front."

"Then don't for a minute, and let me tell you how I feel. What I want to say is that we've never, either of us, had any trials together. It's been mostly smooth sailing except when some unappreciative editor turned us down, and such things don't count—they're part of the game, as you always say, and we abused him together and laughed about it afterward. But suppose things came that we couldn't laugh away—hard, ghastly things such as I mentioned. Would we stand by? Wouldn't we weaken and shirk? You don't know, Jack, what you would do nor what I would do. We're not quite like other people, and"——

"Then I suppose we've got to let a lot of things happen to us, to find out. You've got to lose your eyes and I my head. Then if what's left still cares"——

"That will do, Jack-a-boy. You understand as much as you ever will. Down in your heart you know I'm right. Anyway, I've made up by mind this time, and you can't change it again. It's quite firm—as firm as a—as that stone wall over there"——

"But the wall's easy—I can get over that."

"Do, then, and ge me those berries. I'll put them in the school story."

"That's good! They'll fit exactly in that picture where Clara meets Tom coming up the hill. Pity they won't be in color!"

The art enthusiasm was for the moment uppermost, and like two children they hurried over to the wall for the new bit of accessory.

Then looking over they saw that the hill dropped very suddenly on the other side, and that the berries were really much higher than they had seemed. The maker of pictures and the weaver of tales regarded them in hungry silence. Then the former said:

"Never mind, Jack; they're not very nice berries, anyhow."

"They are, though; they're stunning. Let's don't play fox and grapes, but get them. I can stand on the stone wall and take hold of a limb, and then reach over"——

"Yes, and fall, and go out of sight down there in all that scratchy stuff. Oh, but they are stunning, and I do want them."

The young man was already reaching for a limb by which to steady himself. But the slender ends within reach gave no support, and only tantalized him to increased recklessness.

"Give it up, Jack. They're not worth the effort and risk."

"I never gave up—you know that. I mean to get those berries or die in the attempt. I could jump from the wall and grab them as I went by. I'd land down there in the brush somewhere, but I wouldn't mind that, and the hillside looks soft"——

"Oh, but you mustn't do that! I don't want you to—you might—oh, Jack!"

A sudden leap—a flying vision of grav coat and knickerbockers—the disappearance of the scarlet trophy—a crashing, a cracking and a thud in the tangle below—then silence. Pansy bent far over the wall for the movement among the bushes and the laugh she so fully expected to hear. Still silence, save for the rustle of a little brown bird that hopped out on a long branch and peered down.

"Jack! Oh, Jack!"

In the stillness that followed the girl's heart came up in her throat and she felt all of a tremble. Then she thought he might be playing with her, and called again, quite resolutely:

"Jack, don't do that! Come up and let me brush you off."

Then, a moment later, she had scaled the wall and was working her way down through the tangle on the other side.

She found him lying head down the hill—his hair wet with blood. He had pitched forward as he fell against a tree.

In the sunlight that filtered through Pansy saw that his face was very white. She flung herself down, calling to him, but he did not answer.

Then, with stout little arms, she dragged him about so that his head lay higher, and creeping back through the bushes went speeding down to the brook for water.

He was still unconscious when she returned, but when she had put the wet handkerchief to his lips and forehead he opened his eyes, and at sight of the scarlet berries remembered.

THE RESULT OF THE LEAP.

SHE SAW HIM LYING DEAD DOWN THE HILL, HIS HEAD WET WITH BLOOD.

"I got 'em all right, didn't I, Pansy?"

"Oh, why did you do it, Jack? Just see how you are hurt," and she held the stained handkerchief before him.

"Pshaw! That's nothing. I've been smashed worse in a football game. We got the berries—that's the main thing."

He made an effort to rise, but sank back, white and shaky. Pansy hastily held the handkerchief to his forehead.

"What is it? Oh, Jack! What is it?"

"Why, my legs, Pansy. They don't seem to go. Mebbe I warped them a bit. And my head, too, seems a bit lighter than usual. Suppose you go over to the road and pick up a trap of some sort. Anything with wheels, and a man, and a horse will do. Two men might be better, if I don't happen to be able to walk, you know. You needn't come back. Just point out this corner, where I am. No hurry—I'll be comfortable enough till they get here. You go back to town and—don't worry. I'll turn up, all right, in a day or two."

Beads of perspiration came out as he spoke, and the girl grew white in sympathy for his suffering. She looked about the little thicket helplessly.

They were entirely shut in, and the road was beyond the hilltop. It would be quite useless to call. She pressed the handkerchief to his forehead and rose.

"I hate so to leave you, Jack, but of course I must get some one. It will be growing late soon. You won't move, will you?"

"Jack tried to smile.

"I'll be good," he said weakly.

The girl hesitated an instant longer. Leaning over she pressed his hand. Then reassuringly:

"I'll be back before you know it. Oh, Jack, you won't ever be so foolish again, will you?"

She did not wait for reply, but a step away paused again.

Returning swiftly, she bent down and kissed the white cheek, and an instant later disappeared among the bushes.

She had not noticed that the man's eyes were closed, and that he made no sign.

Usually it would have been quite easy to find a conveyance and assistance at the edge of this little suburban wood.

Now the road seemed altogether deserted. The girl paused a moment for breath, then hurried to the clump of bushes where they had secluded their wheels. Again she paused to look and listen, but a moment later was speeding down the turnpike.

Beyond a bend she came to an old-fashioned farmhouse, with plots of vegetables and glass frames behind it—the home of a market gardener. By the stable a man, probably just returned from the city, was taking a horse from a light truck wagon. Pansy rode in like a whirlwind.

"Don't take him out! Don't take him out!" she ordered wildly, and in a breathless sentence or two had made matters clear enough to warrant a rehitching, and was herself speeding down the road toward the Six-Mile House and a telephone.

She had summoned the nearest doctor, and returning had caught the more deliberate gardener, with his half-grown son and still more deliberate horse, before they had reached the point beneath the wooded hill.

They left the vehicle there and ascended, Pansy leading the way, and urging them to hurry, and to keep hurrying toward the steep thicket beyond the stone wall. She had been right in saying to Jack that she would return "before he knew it."

He was limp and unconscious when they reached him. Pansy helped carry him down the hill.

It was three hours later when in the upper best room of the Six-Mile House a young man, still very pale, but quite conscious now, looked up from among pillows at the gaudy wall-paper which was likely to become an important factor in his life during the next several weeks.

The broken leg had been set, the broken head dressed and the sprained ankle bandaged. A good deal of the suffering had passed, but he was still weak, and the joke he tried to make when the doctor left was a feeble affair.

He noticed now, though he could not turn his head to see who it was, that somebody else had entered the room—a nurse, probably—he knew they had telephoned for one. Whoever it was shaded the lamp a bit more softly, and came over to the foot of his bed.

"Jack!"

He choked a a little. He thought she had gone back to town.

"But you ought to—to be getting home—, Pansy—it's late."

She slipped around and sitting on the edge of his bed and took his hand.

"I'm not going home."

"Oh, but you must—the work, you know—and besides"——

"I'm going in to-morrow for my work and do it here. There's a good light, and my best model lives somewhere up this way. Also, the berries are here," and she held up the scarlet cluster that had resulted in so much disaster.

"But don't you see, Pansy, you're not to bother with me any more. We're nothing to each other now, and even if we were, the misfortune you talked about has come. I shall probably lose both legs and be an imbecile for life. And you said"——

"Jack!"

"Well, of course, it may not be quite that bad. Still I did get a hard bump, and you never can tell how a thing like that will turn out. Anyway, I'm likely to be a nuisance, here on my back. The thing for you to do is to go back to town and not bother."

The little figure stiffened determinedly.

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I shall bring my work here, and punish you by doing it my own way, now that you are helpless. Sometimes I shall let you see it—when I feel like quarrelling. I suppose you will still have enough intelligence left for that."

Another little hand had crept over to the big hand. Then another big hand crept over and drew the little figure closer.

"You can't, you know, Pansy. You can't stay here with me, that way. We're nothing to each other, and then you know you said"——

"Bother what I said! Can't you ever forget anything?"

"But you must consider, Pansy. There's the doctor, and the landlady and the folks in town. I can't get you into a muss with them."

"Now, Jack, listen. In the first place you're talking too much for a man with a broken head that's never too strong at any time. In the next place I've made up my mind again and you can't change it. It's firm—as firm as—a stone wall; a high one this time, that you can't get over without terrible damage—to both of us. In the third place the doctor and the landlady know all about it—I've told them."

"You've told them—told them what, Pansy?"

In the dim soft light a classic little head dropped down and nestled on the man's shoulder.

"Why, that we're going to be married, Jack, of course—what else should I tell them?"

MAY MANTON'S HELPS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

BLUE AND WHITE.

Girl's Sailor Blouse Costume 4133.

Sailor costumes in dark blue are always becoming to young girls and have the merit of being simple and comfortable at the same time that they are stylish. The very pretty dress illustrated is of butcher's linen, with bands of white embroidery, but the design suits serge flannel and the like as well as washable fabrics.

The blouse is made of simple sailor style, fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams, and is drawn up at the waist by means of tapes inserted in the hems. The neck is finished with a big sailor collar that, with the fronts, is lapped over in double-breasted style. The body lining consists of front and back and is faced to form the shield.

The skirt is cut with front and side gores, but straight back, a style that suits washable fabrics to a nicety, and is attached to the body lining with which it closes at the centre back.

To cut this costume for a girl of ten years of age 6 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5 yards 32 inches wide or 3 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 7-8 yard for shield and standing collar when made of contrasting material, and 3-4 yard 32 inches wide for body lining.

The pattern, No. 4,133, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If in a hurry for your patterns, send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

SMART TRAVELLING COAT.

For the long coat that covers the gown, protects it from dust and keeps it in good condition under all sorts of weather, cravenette is admirable.

Pongee, gloria, taffeta and mohair are all in style, and black, gun metal, gray, dark blue coachman's tan and the lighter grays are the colors most en vogue and are wholly adequate to the purpose.

In cut the coat must be simple, in finish severe. One of the latest combines a fitted back with loose front, and is finished with a becoming, broad round collar. Made from waterproof material it serves for storms as well as for protection from dust, but is eminently desirable in any of the materials named. Abundant rain made midsummer singularly free from dust, but it is an accompaniment that must be looked for on a railroad journey or a long drive. Such a coat is cool, yet it keeps the gown fresh, is becoming, yet sheds the dust and can be shaken clean when the work is done. With it one can travel in a foulard, a linen or a pongee suit and feel quite sure of being dainty when the journey is done. As a rule these suits are simple, the shirt waist model taking first place. Nothing else is so satisfactory or can be made to serve so many ends. It is quite appropriate for the railway coach, it can be worn for all morning occasions, it is allowable for informal afternoon drives and the like, and it is guiltless of frills that harbor dust, or of burdensome trimming. Well made and well fitted it is essentially smart and fills a need that long has been felt.

MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHION HINT.

This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World by following Miss Manton's directions.

WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE

A woman stopped at a cloth counter in one of the large department stores recently and asked to be shown some dress patterns suitable for early autumn wear. The salesman began on the lowest row of shelved compartments and pulled out and opened box after box until the counter on either side of him was piled as high as his head with goods. Three times he climbed a ladder to the upper rows and staggered down under a weight of boxed patterns until, when the woman took a survey of the shelves, but two boxes remained unopened. Then she said very sweetly:

"I don't think I'll buy any to-day. I'm sorry to have troubled you; but, you see, I only came in to look for a friend."

"No trouble whatever, madam," he replied politely. "Indeed, if you think your friend is in either of the remaining two boxes, I don't mind opening them, too."

THINGS THAT WENT WRONG.

THE GROCER AND THE GIRL.

Mrs. Scott, an experienced householder on the west side, sent her little daughter to the grocer's to buy 25 cents worth of cheese.

"Be sure to ask him for 15 cents worth, Sophronia," she said, "and when he weighs it out tell him a quarter is all the money you have with you."

Sophronia obeyed instructions, but the grocer cut off and weighed out exactly 15 cents worth, and the good little girl had a dime to spend for candy.

MISS SMITH'S STRANGE ACTION.

"Miss Smith," said the hostess at an evening reception, "will you favor the company with a song?"

Without a word of protest Miss Smith went to the piano and sang. She sang, in fact, nearly an hour before they succeeded in choking her off.

SINGULAR CASE OF MRS. JENKS.

Mrs. Mahala Jenks, an estimable married woman residing in Neosho County, Kan., awoke from an after-dinner nap one day with a loud shriek, says the Chicago Tribune.

She had dreamed that something terrible had just happened or was about to happen to her father, a farmer in Illinois.

So strong was the impression upon her that she looked at the clock and noted the hour, firmly convinced that her dream was a reality.

Two days afterward Mrs. Jenks received a letter from her father, written on the day when she had her dream, conveying the news that everybody in the family was well, and he hoped these few lines would find her enjoying the same great blessing.

A CHANCE FOR STENOGRAPHERS IN EUROPE.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER TELLS AN EXPERIENCE.

Generally speaking, our country is a good place for foreigners to earn a living in, and a hard place for Americans to leave on a similar quest; but there are some callings that have originated as the result of American ingenuity and skill in which there is a lot of money to be made by American women in England and France who are not penniless when they venture forth to supply a demand which actually exists to-day on the other side.

No girl or woman should leave her own home—her own people and environment—to go to a foreign land without money in her purse, even when she is fully competent to supply a well-acknowledged demand.

It takes time to get acclimated mentally as well as physically, and I should never advise a girl to go abroad without money enough ahead to maintain herself six months at least, no matter how skilled she may be in her profession, nor how much I happen to know such services as she can render are eagerly desired in London or Paris.

They need, first of all, first-class stenographers in London and Paris.

I'll tell you how I made the discovery. I reached my hotel one Thursday morning early last May. By 10 o'clock I had secured a list of addresses of stenographers and typewriters. The first name was of a firm quite near my hotel, so I went there at once. The typewriter's office was on the fourth floor. I waited eleven minutes for the elevator, and then a youth who was toiling upward said: "If you're in a hurry you better walk, madam." So I did.

I finally unearthed the typewriting firm and found the proprietor and assistant so busy cooking luncheon over a gas stove they could spare but little interest in me. I asked for a stenographer and said I was in a great hurry.

The "manager," with a saucepan in his hand, said: "Really, don't you know, we cahn't promise anything before next Wednesday, because Saturday we close early, and next Monday is a Bank Holiday, don't you see?"

"But," I remarked, "this is Thursday. Why not send me some one at once and give me my work to-night or to-morrow morning, so I can catch Saturday's American-bound steamer?"

The proprietor of the typewriting establishment looked positively stunned at my outrageous demand, and the "lady stenographer's" jaw dropped.

"Really, you see, we couldn't possibly make such haste. So sorry, don't you see! You coudn't wait possibly till next Wednesday, now, could you?" All in the sweetest, drawling English.

I said "I really couldn't," and I fled and spent the next two hours dashing about in a cab begging, appealing, fairly wailing for a typewriter who could take a dictation and give me a transcript within twenty-four hours. I offered double rates, and I at last carried a pretty young girl off in my cab and held her prisoner in my room till she had taken my dictation. The next evening she brought the transcript, and I sat up all night trying to make out what in heaven's name I had dictated or she had dreamed.

Result—I wrote my article longhand and went to bed at 9 A. M. Saturday.

I had half a dozen other equally maddening experiences, and was relating them to an American business man when he said: "If you'll give me your word not to tell any one else, I'll share my stenographer with you. She's a wonder, an American girl—the real thing, too. Her name is Kate Tobey. I was told of her in Paris, where she lived for several years doing English stenography and typewriting while acquiring French. She is now regarded by all odds as the most expert woman of her profession, and commands high prices. You must not let any one get her away.'

I bless the day that made me acquainted with Kate Tobey, who is a paragon indeed, and to whom I am indebted for more service than money can adequately compensate.

Miss Tobey was only temporarily in London as an accommodation to her American client, who paid her expenses from London to secure her services, having had his own little time trying to get satisfactory work done previously.

Now, this American girl has succeeded in Paris and London because she has in her the attributes that win, not because she went over to Paris to seek a fortune.

Lots of girls would fail in such an undertaking.

There is room in London and Paris for competent, conscientious and capable stenographers.

A good stenographer must have a good English education. She must be a perfect speller. She must know how to punctuate. She must be quick. She must have speed and know how to transcribe her notes without calling for aid. She must be neat and businesslike in appearance. And she must understand how to mind her own affairs religiously, and do it.

To get started such a girl needs also a few business letters of introduction, of which I shall write shortly.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Published official figures of the American News Company proved conclusively that the daily circulation of The World in New York City is tens of thousands greater than that of any other paper.